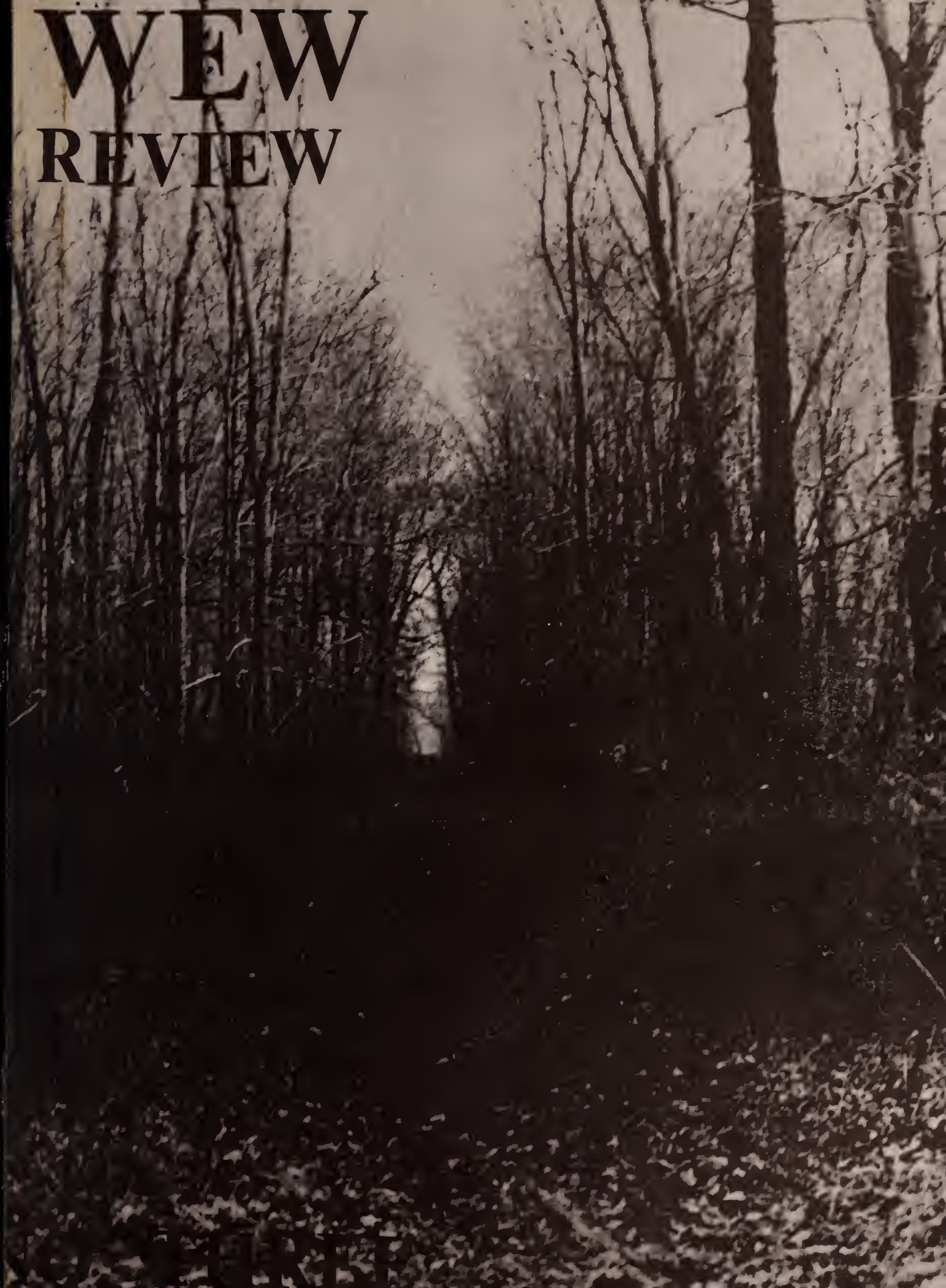
WEW REVIEW



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SUNDAY: One

First day at Sunday School--starring me, the last of the great non-believers as Sunday School Teacher. My faith was hardly restored after meeting my pupils--a group of un-godfearing and certainly un-teacherfearing brats. Recognizing that regular school is bad enough and that Sunday School is just too much, I was not surprised at the reactions I got from them when I quized them on their purposes. The typical answer to the question: "Why do you go to school" was "I hafta"; as for why Sunday School, it was "They make me." I could only sympathize: "They made me, too."

SUNDAY: Two

Sunday invariably connotes two things in my mind: The New York Times and the laundry. Both have been completed (with the exception of the Book Review section which I am in the habit of leaving until Thursday). I am now deliberating a third phase to the routine. After rapid, but careful consideration, I have chosen to put something delightfully new and yet marvelously functional into my Sunday concept: "the Sunday afternoon I-don't-give-a-damn-about-nutt'n-or-nobody-nap." On that note, I close.

--Steve Kaplan

to a love

doing all that i can, for you
is the complete fulfillment of myself, yet in
another way, i myself am
nothing.
acknowledged by the absolute
goal of attaining love for
myself and fearing to
confer my
love on you.
acting without
understanding why, or how, just you; a
girl, a woman...loved and
hated with equal force from within my
love.
instead of finding peace of mind
new worries, new problems, a new love.

thought love

a thought appears from
somewhere in my memory
like a trickling brook it
babbles and bubbles before my eyes.
its brillance thrills me and
i begin to sway like
a willow free in a summer breeze
suddenly my world is not
so dark and dismal
the gray clouds roll away revealing
a crystal blue sky.

N.Y. STATE

the trees sigh softly in the summer
breeze as
we stroll up the rocky path my
arms around you,
your hair in your eyes.
i want to lie down in love with you.

--B.W. Conord

A SUNSET

Orange flows into grey as the sun forms a semi-circle with a distant mountain. The spacious sky, deeply rose colored, a result of the sun's emanating rays, hangs ominously over the sun as it slowly descends down the mountain. The sun takes the form of the moon during its last quarter as it glides downward towards oblivion. Deep purple haziness mingles with the rosy red sky, gradually eliminating all traces of red color, as the sun disappears. One final whisp of sun hangs upon the mountain, then suddenly the sun disappears completely, plunging the sky into darkness.

-- Jeffrey Blum

AMBITION BY MOONLIGHT

The moonlight was flowing marble, cold and soulless as a beautiful woman's heart. The moon was a crescent of silver fire, frozen in the deep blue bowl of the skies. Crystal stars lurked behind her misty veil, like the ghosts of forgotten loves at a libertine's nuptials.

Truitt lit a cigar; and as the warm smoke curled bringing the fragrance of Cuban fields, he talked of ambition.

"Money is the means to an end (he said). I want money and power to do things. I'd like to destroy the blue regulations--banish intolerance--wipe out poverty and want and ignorance. I want to elevate art and literature and science and life.

"I want all the knowledge there is in the world. I want to know everything. I want to do away with prudery and false modesty--bring out the good in men and expose the evil. I would tear down all the old standards and rebuild them, using a foundation of common sense, justice and reason, rather that the old rotten formulas our ancestors bowed to--the wornout, mouthing creed of tyrant, the despot, the slave. I would teach men to live cleanly and sensibly.

"I would do away with war. I would abolish the extreme misery of utter poverty. I would place great libraries in every town. I would start a renaissance in every form of art. And I would like to meet a woman who wholly understood me."

Clyde lite a gold-bedecked cigarette and it glowed like a promise of Purgatory. He spoke of ambition.

"A yacht. I want to travel and see all the roads of all the oceans. I want to stand beneath the flaming witch fire of the Arctic circle; and see the yellow stars that haunt the southern seas. I want to climb the granite pillars of Norway's cliffs, and listen to the slow silken breathing of the sea."

"I want to see and live and breathe and catch the sharp wind in the hair on my chest. I want adventure and romance. I want the low hum of mandolin under a latticed window in old Sevill, the dusky gleam of dark eyes in the starlight.

I want race horses and silk couches, yachts, and marble bath tubs. I want silken garments and fine wines. I want to write with a pen of sapphire dipped in blazing wines.

"I want books with silver clasps and vellum bindings, books as rare as a gem in the ocean. I want wide estates and great lawns and tall leafy trees. And I would like to meet a woman who wholly understood me."

I carved a mystic symbol with my knife on the sward, and talked of ambition.

"I'd like to be the strongest man in the world. I'd lkie to be strong enough to juggle skyscrapers and tear them down.

"I want to know all hidden, secret things. I want to travel to all the dark byways of human mysteries, and drag lurking things into light. I want to talk to ancient devils in their granite and gold Hells.

"I want to delve into all the secret cults and demonic mysteries. I want to know all rites of worship, holy or diabolical. I want to have the largest collection of esoteric books in the world and to understand every symbol in them. I want to experience every thrill known to man, sometime in my life and to know every kind of stimulation.

"I want to write dark and forbidding books which will freeze the blood and burn the hearts of men. I want to travel in strange and outlandish countries, far off the beaten track, and I want flaming liqours and exotic wines and all the luxuries of the flesh. And I'd like four hundred women who thought they understood me."

The cold and bitter moon sank westward.

-- Steve Kaplen

RODEO

Confident and rational
Reason tells
You will not come
Even as I stand neath
Cheering grandstands
Of sad darkness dodging
Tumbleweeds in my soul.
I know your green
Jealous eyes once
Corraled with my essence have
Branded my being with the
Mark indifference never
To shine again
With that special message.

But the wild stallion of lovers
That hellion Hope has
Roped my aching limbs hog-tied
All logical thought and
Stampeded the truth over
Purple hills distant in a thunder

Of dust and hoofs
Reason ambushed spirited
Round a corner in my soul
So I stand in
Sad darkness dodging
tumbleweeds....

-- Adrienne Soricelli

MAKE-BELIEVE

I wanted you
all of you within me
But you were content
to wade in the shallows
Of our stream
catching those damned frogs.
Out over my head I'd say:
"Now is the season of ripe."
With your toes in the mud you'd say:
"Let's count his spots."

So I drifted downstream
and left you
near the bank
counting spots.

-- Adrienne Soricelli

JIVE

His back was straight and his long ebony face untroubled as he trekked down the seemingly endless gray-gree hallway: his workmen's boots clacking hollow challenge at the multitude of doors sunken into the sides of the hallway.

He'd looked at only two of the unlabeled doors when he entered the administration building a minute before, and then only to get their numbers. He'd estimated how far down the hallway he'd have to go before stopping to search for the right door, then set himself in motion.

He looked neither left nor right as he traveled. His eyes focused on some invisible point, as he ignored totally the sparse, confused-looking denizens of the hall.

Though he ignored them visually and vocally, his stride, bearing and clothes were the only the available information for the questiong eyes of the others. His bearing boasted of him being his own man. A well-worn but neatly pressed sports jacket spoke of hard labor and deprivation his afro of his triumph over it.

After he felt that he'd walked far enough, he turned and confronted a door:

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PLEASE KNOCK BEFORE ENTERING

Though he was suprised, when he came before the door that he desired to enter, his eyes, hidden behind brown shades, showed no sign of it. He grasped the knob firmly, opened the door and entered the strange office, as if it were his own apartment.

He stopped and checked out the office for a moment. From the large window on the other side of the room a sunny courtyard was visible, full of shivering bare trees and little rustiong tables and chair sets. Back on his side of the window, his eyes traveled from the almost harsh fluorescent lights on the ceiling to the blandly strong office furniture beneath it, and to the fading purple carpeting resting under that. His eyes traveled along the carpet, stopping at the secretarial desk at his feet and the open mouthed blonde secretary behind it.

He smiled. "Yeah. Mr. Robert Jones, room one seven nine, Administration building. Two o'clock p.m. . I'm Lonnie Miller".

"You have an appointment, Mr. Miller?" she asked, sifting through an appointment book.

His smile faded somewhat. "Two P.M., girl."

She pressed a button. "A Mr. Miller, Mr. Jones." A hearty,"Send the boy in, Jane."

She looked up, but he had already bypassed her desk and was entering the purple carpeted room, which

he realized was a waiting room.

"The door to your left,"she called to his back. He turned left, opened the door and silently disappeared from her sight.

He closed the door behind him and surveyed this office. Pictures of students, family, and degrees looked back at him from the opposing wood-panelled wall. His gaze shifted down to the desk below them and the smiling pink-skinned man behind it. Robert Jones, for the placard on the desk denied all error, wore a blinding smile halfway between a large bald spot and an expensive blue suit. Lonnie smiled at the bald spot and accepted a seat opposite the desk.

Mr. Jones pressed a button at his desk, "Jane, Mr. Miller's application, please." Then to Lonnie,"And how are we doing today?"

Lonnie blanched somewhat. "We doin' fine, Mr. Jones."

Mr. Jones smiled in return, mumbling, "Good, Good,"as Jane entered. She put a file folder on the desk and left.

"Let me see now,"Mr. Jones mumbled, leafing through the folder. "Oh. Your average wasn't too good in high school now, was it."

It wasn't really a question, and Lonnie didn't reply. Then: "Ah! Your Scholastic Aptitude Tests were fine...you're highly recommended by your teachers... and you're a fine writer!" He looked up. "Have you brought anything for us to read?"

"I brought a pome," Lonnie answered, fishing through his pockets. He came up with a folded, slightly worn piece of paper, which he silently handed over to Mr. Jones, who opened it.

> A hung-down, brung down morning rich in the promise of some new defeat...How many more like this can I take? Even the huge ocean is not endless.
>
> But I think I can take this one, stepping gingerly over the broken crystal of old dreams, only to see more clearly the already widening cracks in the new ones. I would like to stop for awhile and rest, but if I stop I'll sink; it's that simple.
>
> Oh woe is everyone...In the land of the blind, the one eyed is to be the most pitied; he has a glimpse.

Mr. Jones was silent for a second. "Why, its beautiful! Simply beautiful!" he cried, beaming at Lonnie.

"Thank you," said Lonnie, his outstretched hand accepting the poem Mr. Jones accepted.

"Let's see,"Mr. Jones said. "What exactly do you want from our school?"

"I want a good education so that I can return to my community and help to build a better life for all my brothers."

"For all your brothers," Mr. Jones repeated, still beaming. Then his smile faded just a fraction and he asked,"You're not a member of any, uh, radical, well say violent political..."

"No, I'm not," Lonnie cut him off. "Violence will achieve nothing for my people. Subtlety, jive subtlety, is the only way. I work in a factory. I've been working there for six months and in that time I've risen from janitor to assembly man to lineman to quality control technician with thirteen people and eight lines to be responsible for. I live alone, support myself, work and write, give ten dollars a week to my aging mother. I'm nineteen and I'd like to go to college to better myself and my people. I've read your booklet, in which you state that underprivileged people should have the same chance for higher education that affluent people have. I need a full scholarship."

Mr. Jones had been busily pushing his pen about, but at the words "full scholarship" he stopped writing.

"But you don't qualify for a full scholarship. Your grades..."

"I mean a writing scholarship." Lonnie cut him off again. "I need to go to school to find out how to stop the rats that bit my sister; to end the heroin that kills my friends; and to clean the air that threatens everyone."

"That's very good, very noble," said Mr. Jones, standing up and extending his hand. "I think that you can have your writing scholarship. We'll write you a letter and send you all the details." He shook Lonnie's hand and continued,"It's been a sincere pleasure to meet someone like you." Lonnie shook hands, smiled, and said,"Yeah." Then he left the office, walked through the waiting room and past the secretary, who sat and stared at him with a curious look. He didn't notice, and went through the hallway the same way he came, and left, smiling broadly. He stopped for a second and looked about. Then, remembering where the car was, he headed for it, his smile a bit more subdued. The pale, long haired boy in the car returned his smile and yelled, "How did it go?"

"The scholarship's in the bag,"he yelled back. He took off the sport jacket and threw it to the longhair. "Yeah, we got your scholarship, Lonnie."

The longhair (henceforth to be known as Lonnie) pushed waves of curly brown hair away from his eyes,

beaming ever more broadly. "Thanks a lot, Lamont. I'd never have asked you to go through with this, man, except-"

"I know, I know," Lamont smiled, "Jewish writers aren't in this year. This year obedient brothers are where it's at. Yeah, yeah," he continued, getting into the car and lighting a cigarette," I know the score."

"That you do, brother." Lonnie started the car. "Was it that bad?"

"Nah. I didn't even forget your name," Lamont said, rubbing his long ebony fingers through his afro. "What do you think- a beer before work?"

"On me, on me," Lonnie laughed.

Lamont closed his eyes, leaned his head back, and smiled a little smile.

-- L. Rasputin Braverman

THREE CHIN OF FLAX

On the quest of equality. In order to have compassion for his neighbor (in the absence of wailing and gnashing of teeth) man must first cast off his beliefs about the unknown: a belief in the Christian God nurtures the prejudiced mind. Man must have a blind faith in his convictions in order to judge any group of people on the whole. It is impossible for him to know every member of the group that he is forming his opinion of, thereby explaining his like or dislike of the group as the whole.

Always to question; to be the eternal skeptic; to curse faith and to shun Christianity: these are the paths that lead to an open mind. Those who travel these paths shall sound the death knell for the division of races.

A Recipe for a Bigot. Take one impressionable youth, add a dash of an authoritarian father, a sprig of a naive mother, several spoonfuls of ignorance and garnish generously with the Catholic Church. Place in oven, set at 1971 and bake for twelve years.

On choosing a marriage partner. You must never make the mistake of marrying someone you love; love deadens the ability to think rationally. The partner must be a friend; someone you like; someone you like, but someone with faults that you can see. You then must take it upon yourself to make that partner a better person by trying to remove those faults; the principle of marriage.

The perfect mate. Be wary of the "perfect" mate. You will never find a person devoid of faults, only a person in whom you refuse to recognize those faults.

Within the realm of possibility?

I write for me; there is no one else; I am all that exists.

I am a lonely entity who had become bored by eons of solitude. Through my unlimited power I have created man and earth, only as a game to amuse myself. I have placed billions of different images of my thought on a small earthen sphere and have given them mobility and a meager amount of intelligence. Subconciously I am in complete control; conciously I have surpressed the knowledge of my own existance as the only real being. These "men" are my pawns; their every action is a result of my will; they are a product of my vivid imagination. They are actors in a play that is about to close, for I am not at all pleased with the results of the performance. These images I have created are evil, and have somehow gone astray of what I had consciously intended for them; they have become corrupt, which is not at all amusing to me. I may soon be forced to remove myself from this shell of naivete and erase the thought of this world from my mind. I will create a new one; a new game with new rules, and hopefully a different ending. Perhaps a new world will amuse me, but if it does not, I will merely erase that one also. I will keep on creating and destroying until I have found a comedy that pleases me.

I need amusement: I am sad; I am alone; I am all that exists. I am God.

Gary John Aduboto

FROM SLAVE, -TO MAN

Master or yesteryear, why did thee enslave my father's soul--were you really so afraid of his manliness? Why didn't he even as much as fight you back--was he really merry to your unhealthy demeanor? Did he truthfully express this by singing and dancing and working his ass off--for you--night and day?

Master of yesteryear, why did thee exploit my mother's body-- was she really your "negress", your animal in heat? Was it really your woman's body that was cold, or is it yours???

Master of yesteryear, why did thee condemn my brother's mind--was he really guilty of being different? He was so innocent and young; he didn't mean you any harm!

Master of yesteryear, how can I forget? Shall I forgive you or let the Almighty destroy you? For I know it may sound funny, Master of Yesteryear, but those cruelties against my father, my mother and my brother seem like they were only YESTERDAY!!!

-- John C. Watts

LIFE WILL END NOW

It's raining fire on my path,
fire that has burned me.
For my needy childhood,
no one pitys me.
Life will end now,
blowing out my candle
And my soul, like a bird
will depart from my lips.

A harsh wave thrashes
at the bow of my ship,
and rips my sails.
Not even a companion, my boy,
cared about you.
Life will end now,
blowing out my candle.
And my soul, like a bird,
will depart from my lips.

-- Louis Economopoulos

LEAVING A NOTE FOR JOE

SCENE: By a railroad track running through a junk yard, next to a freight yard.

TIME: Dusk.

CHARACTERS: Larry and Ed, two hoboes; Strike, a pathetic soul.

Scene I

LARRY: Ed, you sure the train hasn't come through yet?

ED: That old freight won't be through for another couple of hours. And that damn jerk better be here by then. I'm getting sick and tired of waiting for him.

LARRY: He'll be here, Ed. He promised he would. Maybe he got arrested or something?

ED: Are you sure he said 'Smith's Junk Yard'? Think. Was it Smith's that he said?

LARRY: I been telling you for six days now, yes. He said Smith's: For six days I been telling you.

ED: And for six days we've been waiting. Just sitting here; waiting for Joe.

(One hour passes in total silence)

Scene II

ED: I'm so tired of sitting here, it's a rotten place and it smells like shit. You smell like shit, too.

(He turns his head and throws up)

LARRY: Why do you always have to get nasty with me? Why, uh?

ED: 'Cause you're stupid Larry. And it does my soul good to abuse you.

LARRY: Wipe the vomit off your chin. When Joe gets here, you'll treat me nicer. Joe has class, he doesn't go for rough stuff. Whatsmore, he cares about me; and you, too.

ED: Shut up about Joe. All you've done for the past two weeks is talk about that asshole.

LARRY: Don't you talk about Joe like that, you slob. Wipe the vomit off of your chin. He's a powerful fellow.

(Enters another hobo, foaming at the mouth, dressed very shabby, with a tag pinned to his fraying lapel)

ED: Oh, Christ, look at that creature. What a dog.

LARRY: You got no feelings, Ed. That guy don't look so healthy and you got to get wise. You're a real pig.

ED: You're right; he don't look too good.

LARRY:(to bum) What's a' matter with you don't you feel well, are you hungry, tired? Sit down. (Points to a rock.) Want something to eat? (He doesn't answer but points to the tag on his lapel.)

ED: (Reading aloud) "Hello, my name is Strike; what's yours."

LARRY: How about that. Lucky fellow he is, to have a name like Strike. (To Strike) Your a lucky, Strike.

ED: Give him something to eat.

LARRY: (Fumbling in his pockets) Only got a few dried peas.

ED: Give it to him.

(Strike sticks the peas up his nose)

LARRY: (To Strike); Are you going to stay around here for a while?

(Strike nods "Yes" while off in the distance a train is rumbling)

ED (to Larry): Let's give this creep a note to give to Joe when he gets here.

LARRY: Joe wouldn't like that. He told me we should meet him here. He sure won't be happy if we're not here.

ED: He probably won't even come. We've been waiting six days now. Six long days and he ain't come yet. And if you want to know what I think, he's not coming, either. We can sit here six months or six years and we'll still miss Joe.

LARRY: He said he'd come and he will. I'm waiting 'til he comes. I'm waiting for Joe.

ED: You wait, then, but when that train get to that freight yard over there, I'm getting on it.

LARRY: Don't leave me here, you wouldn't go without me, would you?

ED: Yes.
LARRY: I'll come with you. Let's leave a message for Joe with Strike.
ED: Now you're talking my language. Do you have any paper? A pencil, too.
(Larry produces a crumpled piece of paper and a pencil stub)
ED: Give it here. I'll write it.
(Aloud while writing,"Joe, we've gone north. Sorry we missed you. Your pals, Ed and Larry")
LARRY: (To Strike) Fellow, could you wait for a guy named Joe, give him this note?
(Strike shakes his head "Yes" and shoots the peas from his nose into Larry's face. Just then the train pulls into the freight yard. Larry and Ed run to board the train, which is doomed to wreck. Strike stays and waits with the note for Joe. Joe finally arrives ten days later and carries Strike to heaven with him).

--Diane Ailey

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